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THE
MIDDLESEX
PATRIOTS,

A
POEM

ON THE
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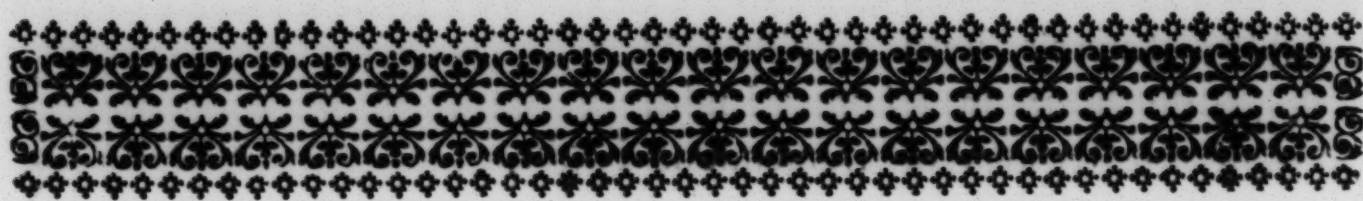
AT
BRENTFORD.

Aspice Salutem Populi ---- Ma.

L O N D O N:

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A
P O E M
O N T H E
E L E C T I O N
A T
B R E N T F O R D.

*Heroes I sing, deserving better praise,
(Pardon the boldness of my humble Lays,)
Who dar'd assert a sinking Country's Cause,
And force the Oppressed from th' Oppressors Paws.*



WAS at a time when Bribery bore the sway,
And black *Self-interest* o'rcast the Day.
When Vice usurp'd, when frighten'd Vertue fled,
And slighted Truth drop'd her insulted Head?
When Christian Slaves were bought by Christian *Turks*,
And Men were hir'd to do the D——s Works;
When slavish Principles (enforc'd with Crimes),
Threatned curst Anarchy and slavish Times.
How vastly great thy Merit, to appear,
Thrice Noble Son, and Brother to a PEER?
Hail to thee then, thou most illustrious Man,
Thy Country's Darling, and her Guardian:
Well do'st thou cherish thy Paternal Fire,
And well improve a PATRIOT's just Desire;

B

Whose

Whose Thoughts unbias'd, ever did pursue,
 The publick Interest, with a publick view.
 Nor stands thy Merit in a fainter Light,
 Who, from the Regions of tremendous Night,
 To lucid Truth didst briskly wing thy flight.
 AUSTEN, who did'st obstructed Reason view,
 Unprejudic'd, and dar'dst be Honest too.
 At such a Time hast *Wh—sh* *Rage* withstood,
 When to be Guilty was but to be Good.
 Long may ye fill the Honourable Chair,
 O! much admir'd, more deserving Pair.
 Deserve yet more, bear the great Gift in Mind,
 And be as just, as is your Country kind:
 So latest Records shall preserve your Name,
 And yield it down a Legacy to Fame;
 Fathers shall to their list'ning Sons relate,
 How much ye succour'd a declining State;
 Their Sons be taught your Merits to rehearse,
 And chant your Praises in their Rustick Verse.
 Their raptur'd Wives, (so will your Truth prevail,)
 Shall lull their Babies with the pleasing Tale.
 Each longing Girl shall hugg her Rustick Swain,
 And beg to hear the Story o're again.
 Though tir'd with Work, the Shepherds all obey,
 And gladly tell the Glories of the Day;
 When BERTIE we, when we our AUSTEN chose,
 Oppression sunk, and Liberty arose.
 When ye appear'd, yes, yes, when ye appear'd,
 Its fainting Head our Bleeding Country rear'd.
 When ye appear'd its Freedom to maintain,
 Expiring Life new Vigour did regain.
 Each quickned Member felt its strength renew'd,
 And with Heroick Courage was Endu'd.
 When Justice rose against oppressive Pow'r,
 Then one and all, they cry'd, —Hail happy Hour.
 Now, we can our lost Liberties regain,
 Taste Peace, and curse our *Seven Years* slavish Pain.
 Quick to the glorious Contest let us rise,
 Exert our Pow'r and struggle for the Prize.
 T' Enslave us more will be our Foes Attempt,
 But let us use them with a just Contempt.
 Now, or no more, their Force must be withstood,
 Great is th' Occasion as the Cause is Good.
 They spake; their call the united Body hears,
 And a brisk Spirit through the whole appears.

Ev'n from where LEE, to where swift *Colen* Rows,
 (For there is Vertue in the meanest Souls;
 Unless where *Avarice* doth Reason taint,
 And Vice in foulest Lights doth Virtue paint:)
 Their worthy Zeal their well-pleas'd Leaders praise,
 And, for Reward, adorn each Head with Bays.
Apollo pleas'd, saw Men his Tree adore,
 And chuse the Green which he so lov'd before;
 Then, in return, indued his brightest Beams,
 And shot himself in most auspicious Gleams.

WHEN Heaven conspir'd, 'twas time illustrious Men,
 That ye should rise, and be yourselves agen;
 Nor were they tardy on the mighty Day,
 Ye favouring GENII Witness what I say:
 From different Parts their numerous Clans they brought,
 Loudly to tell what plainly Nature taught;
 Men form'd, by her, for so sincere a Part,
 Just by Design, and Honest without Art.
 Such REYNOLDS brought, of Hospitable Fame,
 Ith' *Western* Towns, a much admir'd Name;
 Him *Lalam* claims, him *Felton*, *Kenton* knows,
 And even to *Shiperton* his Bounty flows:
 Gladly the numerous Clan his Call attend,
 Conscious Sir RICHARD was his Country's Friend;
 Its Friend indeed, for in his Country's Cause,
 He brought more Mouths than had *Briarius* Paws.
 Young CHAMBERS next, did grace the glorious Field,
 Him *Hanworth* honours, stedfast not to yield;
 The youthful Hero actively appear'd,
 And, by Example, drooping Numbers cheer'd.
 Neither did ANDREWS slight th' auspicious Day,
 Or let it pass ingloriously away;
 ANDREWS, whom *Kenton* gladly doth obey;
 Second to none, he bore an equal Share,
 In the blest Toil, kind Task, and happy Care.
 To the brave Charge advanc'd, *Hamptonian* WOOD,
 Vertuously Bold, and Eminently Good,
 In just array, his Followers did lead,
 In Wills alike, in Honesty agreed;
 Fix'd on each Head, so thick their Lawrel stood,
 That what they cry'd, they seem'd; a moving *Wood*;

Nor let my Pen forget thy Loyal Deed,
 Thou worthier than I sing thee, *Isleworth* MEAD;
 Full three times fifty to the Banks of *Brent*,
 Led by thy daring Courage gladly went.
 They must be stupid, who with such a Guide,
 Fir'd with such Zeal, could Tyranny abide.
 Two'd pose Astrologers, great Youth to find,
 The active Principles that rul'd thy Mind,
 'Twas *Mars's* Fire with *Mercury* cojoin'd.
 Be just, my Muse, next HAWLEY's Praises sing,
 Him *Brentford* owns for her Domestick King;
 So great his Power, that she without his leave,
 No Nourishment can give, no Nourishment receive;
 To his kind Care for Food the *Pidgeons* coo;
 The *Lion* owns him his Protector too.
 Thus Birds and Beast are fed by his Command,
 And the glad Townsfolk feel his bounteous Hand;
 This the *Brent* knows, and her just Debt to pay,
 To HAWLEY's Lands confines her wand'ring Way.
 Great as his Power, so hearty was his Will,
 Wrongs to redress, and Vengeance to fulfil.
 Love to his Country in his Deeds were shown,
 Just Patriot like, he made her Cause his own.
 Britain prepare to Honour with the Bays,
 Brave HOARE of *Hendon*, BROWNJOHN too of *Hays*;
 Heroick Truth in either flood confess,
 And outward Deeds the inward Soul express.
 But now my Muse thy utmost Skill prepare,
 And HARRISON of *Perrivale* declare;
 What Words are worthy to express thy Fame,
 Or Labours to perpetuate thy Name.
 Deserving Hero of degenerate Days,
 Thy Merit takes a Flight beyond all Praise:
 So heighten'd by the Work of one Great Day,
 Thy Country's Love alone the Debt can pay.
 That sure thou hast—for to attest the same,
 Quick as thy wish, twice five times twenty came;
 They came, and took new Life from thy Applause,
 Resolv'd to strive, since thou approv'st the Cause.
 Hear! Britains, hear! still act your Glorious Parts,
 Join Roman Gratitude, to Roman Hearts;
 With Roman Souls you Liberty have won,
 With Roman Hands reward each active Son.

Might I advise, this Method should be us'd,
 (This Method, which of late, hath been abus'd);
 Figured in Brass, each thus inscrib'd should stand,
 Behold the Man that sav'd his Native Land:
 These are the Chiefs that broke the falling Blow,
 And clapt a Guard upon the Captiv'd Foe:
 A Guard so true, —ye Heavens resound their Fame!
 AUSTEN and BERTIE bore the Glorious Name.
 Now change thy Prospect with the changing Scene,
 And view th' assembled Pow'rs on *Hanwell* Green:
 See them drawn out, their Members to attend,
 And hark! —Huzza, they come to crown the End;
 They come with Shouts so loud, they rend the Sky,
 BERTIE and AUSTEN is th' united cry:
 In decent Form, the Cavalcade proceeds,
 And takes the Road which unto *Brentford* leads.
 Thither my Muse, with ardour wing thy flight,
 'Twill make thee Witnesses of a glorious fight:
 With safest Guards the Roads, the Ways were lin'd,
 All to the approaching Champions well inclin'd;
 To see their March, the Concourse was so great,
 Dame *Tellus* groan'd beneath the mighty Weight:
 Mothers came forth, their Babies to delight,
 Their Babies left their Rattles for the fight:
 With Trumpets clang, and War-like beat of Drum,
 Follow'd with Hautboys, they in Triumph come;
 The tuneful Bells, their Welcome to compleat,
 Their Musick send, the approaching Bands to meet:
 But when her welcome Guests the Town receiv'd,
 A three-fold Plaudit did the Cannons give:
 Scar'd at the Noise, *Jove*, *Hermes* call'd to know,
 How Thunder came to be out-done below?
Hermes reply'd, *This instant 'tis decreed,*
AUSTEN and BERTIE justly should succeed,
Designs be baffled, and BRITANNIA freed.
Jove heard, and thus bespoke the winged Boy,
So great a Good deserves so great a Joy.
 No *British* Son this Blessing would oppose,
 That *Britain* loves, and *Britain's* Interest knows;

Yet such there are, believe me, mighty Sire,
 To hear them now, would your great Patience tire.
 Another time their Characters may clear,
 Now Truth and Justice claim our favouring Care.
 Well urg'd my Son, *reply'd the thundring God,*
 Act thou my Will, I give th' assenting Nod.
Hermes obey'd, swift as a quick'ned Flame,
 Surpassing Thought, he to the *Poll-House* came ;
 Then cried aloud, *Thus the great Thunderer Wills*
Let Contest cease, for Contest nurseth Ills,
Obey the Dictates of the general Voice,
Close, close your Books, for JOVE approves the Choice.

FINIS.

